

THE
SPANISH MISSION;
OR,
THE MEMBER FROM NEVADA.

A Comedy in Five Acts.

BY
HENRY AMES BLOOD.

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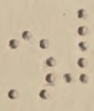
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



{ GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES, or
{ HON. THEOPHILUS GADSBY, M. C.
MR. HIGGINBOTHAM.
MR. FISHBACK.
MR. SAUNDERS.
MR. ROBERTS.
MR. FUNK.
COMMODORE COPPERBOTTOM.
THOMAS APPLEJACK.
GENERAL R. C. SMITH.
LIEUTENANT LIMPSICUS.
A GROCER.
A WINE MERCHANT.
A TAILOR.
MRS. SCARLETT.
MADAM PUMPINGTON.
OPHELIA PUMPINGTON.
MRS. DUNLOBY.
SUSAN DRUM.
CAROLINA.



Gift.
W. L. Shoemaker
7 S '06

M. V. G. 2.21-15

THE SPANISH MISSION,
OR
THE MEMBER FROM NEVADA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Room in a cheap New York hotel. Mr. George Washington Jones, in a shabby genteel suit, at a writing-desk.

JON. George Washington Jones! Yes, that is my name! But in the words of a great philosopher, I say, *damn* that name! It is bad enough to be born a Jones, but to put George Washington before it, makes it a thousand times worse. I'll write hereafter under a *nom de plume*. But then, it is no worse a name than Shakespeare, when you come to look at it. They call him "old Bill," and "old Shake." The fact is, Shakespeare was a mighty common name, until one William Shakespeare made it respectable. Therefore, I'll not shoot myself just yet. I'll write another play, and if that don't succeed, I'll consider the best way to become an angel. "Sir William Jones," now, sounds well, — he was a great man. We'll see what can be done with George Washington Jones. The worst of it is, I am afraid I love whiskey somewhat too well for my own benefit. But then, Shakespeare drank sack at the Mermaid, — and that reminds me, I haven't had a dozen square drinks to-day. However, I have half made up my mind to swear off.

[*Rises and rings the bell.*] I must turn over a new leaf on New Year's. I think I can, at least, *graduate* my drinks rather better than I have heretofore; and then I can alternate a little between Rye and Bourbon; in fact, I can ease off on Mondays with a bottle or two of medicinal drink, such as Porter, Schnapps, et cetera. [*Enter Susan Drum.*]

JON. Susan Drum, I am going to turn over a new leaf.

S. D. A what-is-it?

JON. A new leaf; that is, I'm not going to drink any more, after New Year's.

S. D. Why, that's four months hence.

JON. Exactly, Susan Drum, but hear me out. I don't mean I am not going to indulge *any* more, — far from it! but, only, *not so much* any more.

S. D. But you didn't ring me up eight flights to say that?

JON. Susan Drum, I rang you up eight flights for two very simple yet cogent reasons, — One is, I want a hot punch, a very hot punch; the other is, I'm going to swear off this drinking business, and I want you for a witness.

S. D. But Mr. Higginbotham says as how he can't trust you for any more punches.

JON. (*aside.*) I was afraid it would come to that. Susan Drum, a happy thought strikes me. Granted that Mr. Higginbotham can't trust me for any more punches, nevertheless he might give me credit for a cobbler, you know [*insinuatingly*]. Now, I should be quite satisfied with a moderately strong cobbler. Indeed, Susan Drum, the more I think of it, the more fully I am persuaded that Mr. Higginbotham could scarcely find it in his heart to refuse me a cobbler. If he could, he is a base villain and a scoundrel, and you can tell him that. I can give Mr. Higginbotham my note, if that's what he wants.

S. D. But he says as how he can't trust you for anything.

JON. Susan Drum, you are aware that I am a comparative stranger in this city. I reside in Spain, when at home. It is true that I have no property here, but I have several castles in Spain, you understand. I wonder if Mr. Higginbotham realizes that Sir George Washington Jones, — I beg

your pardon, George Washington Jones, — has his castles in Spain?

S. D. I don't know, sir. You never told me that you had before.

JON. (*catching at an idea.*) No? Don't Higginbotham understand that? Well, don't tell him; I scorn to give him that information. I wouldn't have you inform him for the wealth of a Rothschild. I'll test his moral character. Don't go telling him, now, what I have unguardedly, in a moment of confidence and unpardonable weakness, betrayed to you; that I am really quite a different personage from what I seem to be! Don't tell him that you entertain a positive conviction that I am rich, for that would be, indeed, as the poet says, "letting the cat out of the bag." You know, Susan Drum, I have had a weak side for you, ever since I first met you; and the truth is, I always shall have. Susan Drum, I foresee that this casual meeting of ours will have its consequences, its interesting consequences for both of us. But don't let the cat out of the bag! That's all I say at present.

S. D. I'll see if I can't get you a punch, in spite of old Higginbotham. Pretty strong, did you say?

JON. Perhaps you'd better bring it clear. There are certain reasons, why I should prefer it clear. But Mr. Higginbotham can exercise his own taste. I ask no favors, you understand. Sir George Washington Jones, I beg your pardon, — George Washington Jones, — asks no favors. But remember, Susan, — I have always been accustomed to have my rights, and not the least of those rights is that I shall have my punch clear, if I want it clear. [*Exit Susan Drum.*] Poor Susan! she thinks I shall marry her. She too has her castles in Spain. But I shall not long trifle with her affections. It is only too obvious that my stay in this hotel will be somewhat limited. Ah, ha! I have it! I'll make him sweat; I'll make old Higginbotham pay for this outrage! Ah, ha! Truly I have a most sympathizing demon [*Puts his hand to his forehead*] who attends my interests. The son of Sophroniscus had his demon; why not the son of Jonathan Jones? His demon told him what

not to do ; mine tells me what to do. [*Goes to his trunk and unlocks it ; then addresses himself to the trunk.*] O ponderous and noble trunk of mine ! It was by means of thy exceeding heaviness that some two weeks ago I obtained entrance into this poor paradise, and now it is by means of thy exceeding lightness, that I will compass not only an inexpensive but a most profitable departure ! [*Lifts out, with much difficulty, two heavy boxes without covers, and seen to be empty, which he pushes under the bed ; then, tumbling his hair and assuming an attitude and appearance of great rage, he sets the trunk on end, so that it can plainly be seen to be empty ; at this point Susan Drum enters with punch on a server.*]

S. D. Why, Mr. Jones, what is the matter ?

JON. Susan Drum, I am robbed ; — coats, pantaloons, watch, diamonds, Matilda's portrait, everything gone ! Ring the bell, Susan Drum ! [*frantically*] ring the bell ! ring the bell, I say ! [*She rings the bell.*]

S. D. Excuse me, Mr. Jones ; I think you never told me of Matilda ?

JON. No ? Didn't I tell you she was dead ?

S. D. (*in a satisfied manner.*) Dead ? Oh, she's dead !

JON. Yes, Susan, since I came to this house, she has been dead to me. You may possibly comprehend why that is so, Susan Drum ? But, oh, Susan, I'm glad it wasn't your picture ! Ring the bell again ! [*She rings.*] Harder, Susan ! [*He now takes the punch from the server and drinks it.*] Susan Drum, I drink your health ! Susan, there was a splendid pearl-necklace in that trunk, I had intended to bestow on you, as a trifling evidence of — what shall I say ? — Susan, I am too diffident to confess of what particular sentiment I was intending to make that indifferent necklace the modest declaration. But, I may say there was also a diamond ring, Susan, which would have fitted you. Why don't they come up ? [*He rings the bell furiously. Enter Higginbotham.*]

HIG. Well, sir ?

JON. No, sir, it is not well, sir ; — it is damned bad, sir. I have been robbed, and I don't like to accuse you of doing it, sir.

HIG. Sir?

JON. I say I don't like to accuse you of doing it, sir.

HIG. (*approaching Mr. Jones rather threateningly.*) You don't wish to accuse me of robbing you, sir?

JON. (*somewhat alarmed.*) No! — that's what I say. I said I didn't want to accuse you. What more do you want?

HIG. (*approaching nearer.*) I want satisfaction.

JON. (*assuming a pugnacious attitude.*) And I want satisfaction. Pardon me, Mr. Higginbotham, if I have seemed in any degree impetuous; it is my nature to be impetuous. The great loss I have sustained must be my apology. Money cannot replace it.

HIG. (*relaxing.*) No man was ever robbed in my house before. What have you lost?

JON. (*pointing to his trunk.*) My entire wardrobe, sir: my watch, my diamonds, everything.

HIG. I am very sorry, sir.

JON. I suppose you are aware that the mere state of your feelings in relation to this matter will not rehabilitate my wardrobe, nor put me in possession of my repeater, nor replace my diamonds, nor repay me for the extraordinary agitation of mind in which you now see me, — liable at any moment to bring on an accession of the heart-complaint, which has followed me off and on for the last fifteen years.

HIG. (*sneeringly.*) Diamonds!

JON. Well, sir, is it then strange that I should have diamonds, when, as I perceive, you yourself sport a very large one, flaming in your shirt bosom? — you, a mere hotel-keeper? Or am I mistaken, and is that a borrowed stone only, or one of the California species?

HIG. Sir, I will not endure this talk.

JON. Well, sir, if you want to go into the newspapers about it, I may say that I can accommodate you, not only in English, but in French, Dutch, and German newspapers; and I also feel quite equal to a suit at law, if that will be agreeable; and I will follow you to the Superior Court. Blackstone will be there, sir.

HIG. If you had any valuables, the place for them was in my safe; but how much are you willing to swear you have lost?

JON. Now, then, you are coming to the point. But sit down, sir [*They sit*], and let *me* ask a question. How much are you willing to give me in lieu of what I have lost, rather than have this unparalleled outrage ventilated in the newspapers? For I flatter myself, Mr. Higginbotham, I can set the facts in such a *peculiar* light that a paltry six or eight hundred dollars would scarcely compensate you for the damage consequent upon my illumination.

HIG. No, sir: I shall insist on a suit at law. I want proof.

JON. A course of settling this affair, sir, which I vastly prefer. A suit at law will put me in good spirits. If I have any one passion stronger than another, it is to be involved in tedious litigation. I love it so well that for the last fifteen years I have dreamed of very little else but law. I was sacrificing my inclinations, Mr. Higginbotham, when I proposed, for your sake, to have the matter otherwise adjusted. As to proof, I flatter myself [*looking significantly at Susan Drum*] that I have at least one credible witness here in this room, sir; a witness, too, by no means biased in my favor, and willing to give her testimony without reference to my real position and circumstances in life, whatever, sir, that position and those circumstances may be. I think, sir, that intelligent witness will be able to state that she clearly had cognizance of at least three of the very valuable articles which I had in my possession, being no less considerable, sir, than a large diamond ring, an invaluable portrait set with diamonds, and a pearl necklace from Surinam. Now, sir, perhaps you, or Mr. Coke, or Mr. Littleton, can put aside unbiased testimony of that character, and perhaps you cannot. But, sir, from the moment I perceived I had been robbed, there arose in my breast a feeling of regret that this affair had taken place in your house, Mr. Higginbotham, where, I may say, that, for an entire stranger, I have been treated with a remarkable degree of consideration. Now, sir, I will give you a few days in which to make an effort to recover my property, and if, after due search, you fail, and find yourself unable to return the several articles, which I will specify in an inventory, you can

then signify whether it will be your pleasure that I proceed for damages in the court, or whether you will compound with me for my loss, without resort to legal measures. Meantime, sir, I will indulge in your hospitality. I shall expect you to furnish me with the wearing apparel of which I stand in immediate need.

HIG. (*apparently relieved.*) Well, I agree to that [*rising*]: but you must give me time.

JON. Ample time, sir. I did contemplate leaving for Europe, but I can postpone that, — at least I *will* postpone it on your account.

HIG. Good evening, sir [*going*].

JON. Wait, Mr. Higginbotham, I will order up some punch.

HIG. No, I thank you. There is no time to be lost. There's a detective down-stairs, now; I must put him on the track. I'll send you up, directly, the best punch you ever tasted. [*Exit.*]

JON. All right, Mr. Higginbotham. [*Then, mournfully*] Susan Drum, the most I regret is, that this unexpected loss will necessarily postpone a certain event involving our mutual interest, of which I was living in daily expectation. Meantime, I trust that our friendly relations may continue. But need I tell you that this extraordinary affair has left me in a very thirsty condition?

S. D. Oh, Mr. Jones? [*Rises to go.*]

JON. I think, Susan Drum, you will have no further difficulty with Mr. Higginbotham. I shouldn't be surprised if he sent me up half a gallon of punch.

S. D. I will be back very soon, Mr. Jones. [*Exit.*]

JON. (*following her out.*) Susan! Susan Drum!

SCENE II.

A Street in New York. Enter Jones on one side, slightly intoxicated, and dressed as before; Mr. Applejack enters opposite. They meet.

AP. (*impressively.*) Why, how do you do, Mr. Gadsby?

JON. (*somewhat bewildered, and feeling insulted.*) Sir!

AP. I say, how do you do?

JON. I don't know you! [*hic.*]

AP. Applejack! — These Members of Congress get terribly stuck up [*aside*]. — Don't remember Tom Applejack, who canvassed for you up in the Almaden district? I polled three hundred votes for you. But I dare say I've changed: — whiskers out since then. Been down to Washington, yet?

JON. (*aside*.) Good God! he takes me for a Congressman! I'll humor him. Oh, yes! Applejack! of course I know you! But how did you know me? [*hic*.]

AP. Oh, I've seen you on the stump, fifty times.

JON. Ah! But don't you think I have changed, too? Not so fat, eh? [*hic*.]

AP. I don't see any difference. But I heard you had gone on a trip to Russia.

JON. No, I concluded not to go to Russia. But what did you call me just now?

AP. Why, I called you Gadsby, that's all.

JON. Did you? By Jove, I thought you called me *Gad-fly* [*hic*]. All right, Applejack! [*Then, subduing his tone*] Applejack, — I've been robbed!

AP. Robbed?

JON. Lost everything I had about me: my watch, my money, my clothes, my diamonds, my very shirt.

AP. Goodness! how did that happen?

JON. At the hotel, in the bath-room. This miserable suit is the hotel-clerk's.

AP. How much did you lose?

JON. Oh, money, — say, twenty-five hundred; diamonds, three thousand; but then the great loss was my clothes, checks, and all that.

AP. What hotel is it?

JON. (*hesitating*.) That's a secret, Applejack. I wouldn't mind telling you, but the fact is, a member of Congress is bored to death; and if I told one where I am, I should have to tell every other. But let me know where *you* are, and I'll call on you often. All the same, you know.

AP. I should be delighted! — Room 50, Saint Nicholas. Plenty of whiskey; best cigars in the city. Come up to-night. But the devil, Gadsby, you mustn't wear borrowed

clothes any longer! Here, take this [*giving him bank-bills*] and to-night I will hand you a draft on Belmont.

JON. You are very kind. I hope I can serve you in some way, when I go down to Washington.

AP. No doubt you can.

JON. Well [*grasping Applejack's hand with vigor*], good-by, Applejack. I'll see you to-night.

AP. All right! Good luck to you! [*Exeunt, one going up and one down street. While engaged in the above conversation, people have been passing both ways, some in haste, others leisurely, but not noticing them. Presently Jones returns and meets another person who addresses him.*]

SM. Why, how are you, Gadsby?

JON. Never better, Colonel, in my life. How are you?

SM. Not *Colonel*, — it is *General*, now, you remember! I think it was you who got me breveted.

JON. Devil! yes; — I do so many of those things, I forget. But let me see, — I had some trouble, I remember, on that occasion, about the spelling of your name.

SM. Well, it's not so very hard to spell. [*spelling it*]
S-M-I-T-H.

JON. (*confused*). What! Let me see! Oh! Ha, ha! Yes, I see! [*laughing.*] They spelled it in the papers —
S-M-I-T-H-E.

SM. Did they? Well, that *was* singular.

JON. By the way, Smith, I was robbed this morning.

SM. No!

JON. Yes, — in my own hotel! I shall have to leave it. First-class hotel, you know, but I can't feel safe there, now. By the way, Smith, do you know any good hotel where you could introduce me, pay the bills and wait for the money till I get home? You don't know Tom Applejack, do you?

SM. No, I have heard of him. He's in Europe, now, I believe.

JON. Did he take his family with him?

SM. Tom Applejack? He has no family!

JON. (*wisely.*) Ha, ha! well, that's all right; — he didn't take his family, then? Families don't all go to Europe, do they? Some families have a trick of staying at home, you know.

SM. Well, that beats me! I confess I have heard that some people thought he had a family; but I doubt it. Who told you he had a family?

JON. Never mind. But where does Tom reside now? He's a glorious good fellow.

SM. He has a ranche just outside of Carson city; — the almightiest ranche in the whole State of Nevada.

JON. (*aside.*) Oh, then, I'm the member from Nevada, I see. Well, I'm going to write to my old friend Brown in Carson city, and what shall I say to him, for my good friend General A. J. Smith?

SM. R. C. Smith, Mr. Gadsby.

JON. R. C.? What the deuce did I say?

SM. You said A. J. Smith.

JON. No; did I? Well, I was thinking of Brown: my mind is always wandering that way. Shall I mention your name to Brown? Do you stop in Carson now?

SM. Yes, that was where I voted for you. But come with me to the Westmoreland House. Nice, private hotel; — just what you would like.

JON. But I must request you not to give them my real name, nor tell any one from Nevada where I am, nor write home anything about me. I don't want to be bored with visitors, nor with correspondence.

SM. All right, Gadsby. [*Offers his hand.*] It shall be exactly as you say.

JON. (*shaking hands.*) Till we meet again. [*Curtain falls as they exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Washington Boarding-house. Enter George Washington Jones, elegantly dressed, with travelling-bag and cane; and colored servant, Carolina.

CAR. This, sar, am de room.

JON. Am it? What do you say your name is?

CAR. Carolina, sar.

JON. And what is the name of the proprietor of this establishment?

CAR. Mrs. Scarlett, sar.

JON. Well, Carolina, convey my compliments to Mrs. Scarlett, and say I should like to see her here.

CAR. Yes, sar. [*Exit Carolina.*]

JON. If they had imagined I was a member of Congress, they would scarcely have shown me this room. For I am a member of Congress to all intents and purposes. Everybody swears I am Hon. Theophilus Gadsby, M. C., and I begin to think I am. Only, I must confess I have every reason to believe there is an individual by that name and title, at present hobnobbing with the Czar of Russia. [*Enter Mrs. Scarlett, fat and rubicund, with a curtsey.*]

JON. (*bowing profoundly.*) Mrs. Scarlett, I presume.

MRS. S. Yes, sir.

JON. I am looking for rooms, madam.

MRS. S. My servant usually attends to these matters. The truth is, I do not really rent rooms. There is no necessity of it, but my house is large, and I sometimes accommodate people in that way, provided they agree to understand that it is merely an accommodation, and that they are for the time being members of the family.

JON. Ah! very well;—I prefer that. I am able of course to pay for rooms, but if you object to receiving anything, there will be no trouble on that score.

MRS. S. You mistake me, sir. I charge a nominal sum for accommodations, but I do not wish it to be understood that I rent rooms.

JON. And about how much might be the nominal sum which you charge for this room?

MRS. S. Well, sir, that depends somewhat on the amount of the occupant's income. Some, you know, can afford to pay more than others.

JON. My income is very moderate. What is the least nominal charge that would satisfy you? But have you no other rooms? I do not exactly like the looks of the furniture in this apartment.

MRS. S. Don't like the looks of the furniture? Why, this [*pointing to a chair*] is the chair that Henry Clay sat up in during his last illness; — and on that sofa died Patrick Henry.

JON. Ah! is it possible! Henry Clay was my beau ideal. I must sit down in that chair. [*Sits down; and the chair falling to pieces he is brought to the floor, and seems to be hurt.*] Great Heavens, madam! A less venerable relic would satisfy my aspirations quite as well as this. But who did you say died on that sofa?

MRS. S. Patrick Henry. He was my maternal grandfather.

JON. Ah then, you are of Irish descent. But [*pointing to another chair*], will you be good enough to tell me who died in that other chair?

MRS. S. (*laughing.*) I cannot say that anybody did.

JON. Mrs. Scarlett, do you not think this room has rather a gloomy aspect?

MRS. S. It may to some. But I have larger rooms; only they are more expensive. [*Winningly.*] Excuse me, sir, but I saw yesterday on the Avenue, a portrait of Mr. Gadsby, member from Nevada, which resembles you very much.

JON. Well, madam, I suppose I am that gentleman.

MRS. S. Now I look more carefully, I am sure of it. I shall be happy to show you better apartments than these.

JON. Very good, madam.

MRS. S. This way, if you please.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another and quite elegant Apartment in Mrs. Scarlett's House. Enter Mrs. Scarlett and Jones.

MRS. S. This is the room, Mr. Gadsby, in which the Declaration of Independence was written.

JON. Ah! is it possible? I rather like this room. What might be the charge for this room?

MRS. S. Mr. Povy, of Illinois paid me three hundred and eighty dollars per month for this and the adjoining apartment, last session, which is the least I ever received for it.

JON. But I suppose Mr. Povy is rich. Now, *I* am not worth above eighty thousand dollars, all told ; and Povy, I believe, is a millionaire. If you graduate prices by income, as you say, I ought not to pay above forty dollars per month, when compared with Povy.

MRS. S. But then your salary and back pay, you know, will go a good ways. Besides, Mr. Gadsby, I understand you have the control of the Spanish mission. I have a special friend who is very anxious to get that post, and if you can see your way clear to give it him, we won't talk about rent at all.

JON. Yes, I suppose I have the control of that mission. We will talk about that hereafter. I conclude I had better take these rooms.

MRS. S. You will want another room for your private secretary, I suppose. Have you engaged your secretary ?

JON. The truth is, I have so many applications that I find it difficult to make a choice.

MRS. S. If you will leave that to me, I can furnish you with a very able one, Mr. Fishback, my nephew. He has rooms here already, and is very conversant with business. He has only one fault, — once in a great while he drinks too much.

JON. Just the man I want, Mrs. Scarlett. I have a little weakness that way myself.

MRS. S. I will send him to you [*going*].

JON. Be good enough, madam, to hand my check here to the expressman, for my baggage at the Sixth Street depot ; and please send for my mail.

MRS. S. Very well, Mr. Gadsby. I can have your mail here in five minutes. [*Exit.*]

JON. Well done ! If the Spanish mission doesn't pay my expenses, and a good bonus beside, I'll be shot for it. Mrs. Scarlett's receipts will be as nominal as her charges, I imagine. I shall have to make hay in the next three months, for I presume the real Gadsby will be back here by December. I should like to hear the real Gadsby swear when he comes to find out what a mess I have cooked for him.
[*Enter Fishback, hat in hand.*]

FISH. Your servant, sir.

JON. Glad to see you, Mr. Codback.

FISH. *Fishback*, if you please.

JON. Ah yes, pardon me. Do you know, Mr. Fishback, I have the worst memory for names and faces in the world. If one of my most intimate friends were to come in here now, the chances are I shouldn't remember him. I sometimes forget my own name; why, actually, Fishback, I sometimes call myself *Jones* or *Smith*. You can't imagine how much it annoys me. Mrs. Skillet tells me you are her nephew.

FISH. Mrs. *Scarlett*, sir.

JON. Why, there it is again, you see. I knew well enough it was *Scarlett*. A very worthy woman is Mrs. *Scarlett*, sir.

FISH. Yes, I am proud of her.

JON. Do you happen to know whether any of my constituents are in the city now, Mr. Fishback?

FISH. I do not know any, sir.

JON. I am glad of that. I have come here for rest, as much as anything, and I don't want to be annoyed by constituents. Indeed, Mr. Fishback, one of your duties will be to say to all such that I am either sick, or not at home. But if strangers call, — persons who have no particular claim on me, Fishback, I will see them. This matter of the Spanish Mission will engross the most of my attention. But we have not arranged for your compensation: what are your terms, Mr. Fishback?

FISH. I think about twenty-five dollars per week, unless you are much pressed with business. I believe that is the usual charge. I have my own private matters to attend to, but I can serve you a few hours every day.

JON. That will be satisfactory. [*Enter Carolina with a package.*]

CAR. Here is your mail, sar.

JON. Mr. Fishback, will you be good enough to run over my letters?

FISH. Certainly, sir. [*Unties the bundle and opens a letter.*]

JON. Where is that from, Mr. Fishback?

FISH. New York.

JON. Ah! what does the party say? But first look for the Nevada letters. I am anxious to hear from home first, you know. That is natural. But then, everybody in Nevada thinks I have gone to Russia. I suppose you saw in the papers that I had gone to Russia? A little piece of diplomacy, Fishback. I presume, in fact, there isn't a single letter there from Nevada.

FISH. Oh, yes, here's one from Carson.

JON. Some ass, I presume, who wants a post-office.

FISH. Capital! That's exactly what he wants. His name is O'Brien, — Patrick O'Brien.

JON. And what does Patrick O'Brien say?

FISH. He says: "*To the Right Honorable Theophilus Gadsby. M. P.*"! Gracious, he thinks you are a member of Parliament! — "Most Respected and Honorable Sir, — If you have changed your moind and come to the conclusion that you are not a-going to Rooshy at this toime, I have concluded to be solicitous of wroiting to you concerning the Post-office here. Cornelius Dempsy, the incumbent, is well known to you for a dirty, blarneyin villain and a scoundrel [*Both laugh.*] My frinds in Carson demand his removal, and your intilligent constituents. Will you be plased, most obadient sir, to remove him at once, immadyately, and appoint as your constituents intoirely demand, meeself in Cornelius Dempsy's place? — bad loock to him!" [*Both laugh immoderately.*]

JON. Is that all?

FISH. That's all.

JON. Well, but don't you think it's about time to take a drink?

FISH. With all my heart.

JON. Fishback, I like you. By the way, I have a demijohn with my baggage, and until that comes, perhaps you can supply what we need.

FISH. Oh, yes! [*Rises and rings the bell.*]

JON. Any more letters from Nevada?

FISH. Let me see! Yes, here's another from Carson. [*Opens and reads.*] "Noble Sir: I was overlooking the

‘Kalf Blatt’ since a few days ago, and I underforstand you have to go to Russia concluded this year. [*Both laugh.*] There is a new mine started here, and all ve want is for you to sell a few share in Vashington; also, for to get a bill through for a tunnel. It is the “Economy Mine.” Vill you sell dem few share, and we get started? We gives you fifty share — vill send every vone share by express. Please answer conveniently. Humbly your friend and great admirer,

ANTON PRETZELHAMMER.”

“*The Hon. Theophilus Gadsby,*”

“*City of Washington, D. C.*”

JON. That means business, eh, Fishback?

FISH. Yes, on the whole, I should say he means business.

[*Carolina enters, and drinks are ordered.*]

JON. Well, undoubtedly that ’s a first-rate mine. I know just where it is located. A mighty rich country it is. Honorable men, too, there ’s no doubt about that. If you have any friends that want a first-class investment, you can count them in. As to any percentage I might be entitled to, I will waive that. Perhaps Mrs. Scarlett would like a few shares? She deserves to be rich. I tell you, Fishback, that woman ought to be rich; and there ’s nothing to hinder. Now, let ’s have another letter.

FISH. Here’s one from New York. [*Opens it*] It is signed, “Thomas Applejack.”

JON. I wonder what Applejack wants.

FISH. He says, “My Dear Gadsby:” —

JON. Well, that is very familiar.

FISH. “My Dear Gadsby: I have sent you to-day, by Adams’ Express, a case of Dry Sillery, a case of Johannisberger, and a case of Cutter’s Best Bourbon Whiskey. By the way, I wish you would step into the Warrant Office at the Treasury and have my matters there closed up.

“In haste, THOMAS APPLEJACK.”

JON. Applejack is a sensible fellow. Fishback, please send down to the express-office early to-morrow morning. What next?

FISH. Here is a letter superscribed in a female hand.

JON. Ah! — Perhaps I had better read that? No, never mind; open it.

FISH. [*Opens the letter and reads.*] "My Dearest Gadsby: It seems an age since you left me, and I endure life only in the hope of seeing you soon again."

JON. Who writes that letter?

FISH. The name is — Susan Drum.

JON. Oh! — An old maid Countess I met in New York. Rather illiterate, I thought. Does she write a good hand?

FISH. Lovely; one of the prettiest hands I ever saw in my life.

JON. Well, I might have been mistaken: and yet, I had really conceived the noble Countess was illiterate.

FISH. "Higginbotham is very happy now he knows you are a member of Congress."

JON. Higginbotham is a rich uncle of hers in England.

FISH. "He is afraid of losing my services, now. He says I am the best maid-servant he ever had in his house."

JON. That's a figurative way she has of writing. The idea of calling his niece a maid-servant!

FISH. "But since you left, the hotel is no longer a paradise. The other girls say I put on airs, and they don't like me any longer."

JON. The Devil! The fact is, Fishback, her sisters are jealous of her, and well they may be. She is positively handsome, and compared with her sisters, is a Cinderella.

FISH. "Higginbotham is very sorry for the manner he treated you about the robbery, and is afraid it will injure his custom."

JON. You see, Fishback, she means *customs*! I told you she was somewhat illiterate. This Higginbotham is a great exporter of woollen goods, and he fancies I can help him at the *custom*-house. The robbery she speaks of was an affair at the bonded-warehouse. Higginbotham got very indignant because I didn't help him out of that scrape; — but in the name of common sense, how could I? A member of Congress can't do everything, you know! [*Carolina brings in punches on a waiter.*]

FISH. No, of course not.

JON. Read on.

FISH. "I am improving very much in my writing, but this is written by a lady stopping at the house.

"Your loving SUSAN DRUM."

JON. You wouldn't believe it, Fishback, but positively, my pretty Countess had been so long in Paris, that she had forgotten her English;—absolutely forgotten it; and it is only just now coming to her, so she has to employ an amanuensis. Singular name, you think, for a Countess? It was her *nom de plume* when she wrote French society-articles for the "Figaro," or some other periodical of that character: a perfectly ridiculous *nom de plume*, however.

FISH. She is a very accomplished woman, then?

JON. Accomplished! why, she sings like a nightingale, and plays the harp like a Welsh bard. But she sings altogether from the operas. Now I like the old Scotch tunes, but she says the old Scotch tunes are plebeian.

FISH. May I ask what her real name is?

JON. Certainly. [*Pauses.*]

FISH. I say, may I ask her real name?

JON. Her real name? Of course! But you must never mention it. Promise me you'll never mention it.

FISH. Why, no, certainly not.

JON. Her real name is—, by Jupiter, there comes in my cursed memory for names. It is— [*Strikes his forehead as if trying to remember it*]. It is—, well, you know these Countesses have about a thousand names;—it is Rodolphine Celestia Amarantha Georgiana Caroline Fantasia Clementine Roxalana Ianthe Victoria De Sandran.

FISH. Well, that is about a thousand.

JON. I always called her Blanche.

FISH. That's still another.

JON. Didn't I mention Blanche?

FISH. No, sir, I think not. But De Sandran is a French name, is it not?

JON. Yes, her great-great-great-grandfather was a Huguenot, a refugee. But is that the last letter in the package?

FISH. The last.

JON. We will answer that first. This is capital Bourbon [*drinking*]. You write short-hand, I suppose?

FISH. Yes. [*Prepares pen and paper to write.*]

JON. (*pausing at intervals as if meditating what to say next.*) "My Dear Countess: You can believe it was with no feigned regret that I bade you adieu for a time. When you have sufficiently recovered your English to correspond without the intervention of an amanuensis, I can write you more fully. But for my sake, I beg you will abandon the use of that *nom de plume* and sign your letters simply DE SANDRAN. Your rich uncle, Higginbotham, need have no regrets concerning his treatment of me. Pardon the brevity of this; — not that my time is so much occupied, but for certain reasons not worth mentioning. You see, I must always tell the exact truth, and indeed, I suppose what little position I have attained in the world, may be ascribed to my habit of punctiliousness in this respect.

"Very affectionately yours, GADSBY."

I will direct the letter myself. Now, if you please, we will answer Mr. Thomas Applejack. "Dear Applejack: I have received your kind letter of—— (you can put in the proper date, Fishback), and am much obliged for the wines. I had intended before I left New York, to order a few cases of Chateau Lafitte, but it escaped my mind, — Clarets, you know, are better suited to this weather. I will attend to your affairs here at the first opportunity.

"Yours truly, GADSBY."

And now for Mr. Pretzelbanger.

FISH. Pretzelhammer, sir.

JON. Ah, yes, — Pretzelhammer! "Dear Pretzelhammer: I was glad to hear by yours of blank that the 'Economy Mine' is well under way. Send me all the shares you can spare, as I presume my friends will require them. Please not to mention that I am here. I am perfectly willing to attend to your interests here, but not to those of all Nevada, you understand. It will be time enough for that, next winter.

Yours truly, GADSBY."

And now for the Irishman! — what's his name?

FISH. Patrick O'Brien.

JON. "Dear Patrick, — Your letter of blank date is received. Nothing can be done about the post-office now, — especially if it should come to be known that I am in Washington. You will therefore remain silent on that point. If you keep quiet, I can work for you. How much is the place worth? — I suppose the incumbent, Dempsy, would spare no expense to retain the place? He has a great many friends, I believe. Yours, GADSBY."

And now, Mr. Fishback, suppose we stroll about town for a while; but strictly *incog.*, you understand. You can call me Smith, if you like.

FISH. Very well. [*Rises, and then both taking their hats, the curtain falls as they exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Parlor at Madam Pumpington's in Washington. Madam Pumpington, her daughter Ophelia, Commodore Copperbottom (retired from service), and Lieutenant Limpsicus, in uniform.

MAD. P. They say, Commodore, that Mr. Gadsby is very rich.

COM. C. I am willing; but he is no match for Ophelia; no match for the old Virginia blood of the Copperbottoms.

MAD. P. But really, Commodore, I don't feel so sure that the blood of the Copperbottoms is so very remarkable. Blood is all very nice; but, without money, what is it all worth?

OPH. Or without brains, either? Of course, I don't mean to say the Copperbottom brains are not as good as the average.

LIMP. (*who carries an eye-glass and parts his hair in the middle.*) But really, now, he's such an awkward fellow.

OPH. Did you ever see him?

LIMP. No, indeed! I guessed at it.

MAD. P. Talk about old Virginia blood ! I can't see why old Pennsylvania blood is not just as good ; and, for all we know, Gadsby may be descended from the kings of England, while the Copperbottoms may have come from the lower classes.

COM. C. Gracious heavens, madam ! You are crazy on this money question.

OPH. For my part, I don't care for money ; but I must say Mr. Gadsby has a fine position for a man of his age.

LIMP. But I heard him say, myself, he didn't like the opera.

OPH. I thought you said you never saw him !

LIMP. I never did, — but I *heard* him ; I was listening.

COM. C. In the name of common sense, madam, what's the use of talking so much about money ? You have enough ; what do you want of more ? You have it to-day ; it may be gone to-morrow. But your blood, madam, that's what sticks to you. You have the comforts of life ; what more do you want ? You can't take your money to heaven with you !

LIMP. By Jove, I never thought of that before. That's a devilish singular idea ; devilish singular !

MAD. P. Nor your blood, either, Commodore. Consider, Commodore, if this is not all a mere notion you entertain, concerning the superior blood of the Copperbottoms. How do you show it ? How do you prove it ? Certainly, there is no outside indication of good blood in one single member of nine tenths of those families who claim it. But Gadsby *looks* aristocratic. He has the grand air, Commodore, the distinguished — *je ne sais quoi*.

OPH. I think Uncle Copperbottom is quite right in his ideas about money ; and I think with you, mamma, that where good blood is, it is evident in the face and bearing, and needs no written certificate and no bragging ; but I must confess I like position. There is more ozone in the atmosphere, when you have position ; and the sun himself seems to rise especially on your account.

COM. C. But these men of position are so soon forgotten, Ophelia. Position is even more perishable than money. It

is a mushroom, a Jack's bean-stalk, all house without foundation; in short, as the poet says, —

“An ignis fatuus that bewitches,
And leads men into pools and ditches.”

By Jove, it is a martin's-box, which, when fixed on a ridge-pole, fools admire, but once on the ground, is not noticed.

LIMP. Ah, Commodore. but if a man can dance well, — there is something worth having. There ain't one man in five hundred, that knows how to throw his legs. It's a great thing, too, if you know how to swell a man down. I wish you could see me swell a feller down. [*Enter servant with a card, which she hands to the Commodore.*]

COM. C. No, it is not for me! [*turning to Madam Pumpington.*] It is time for me to be going. I wish you joy of your company.

MAD. P. (*to servant.*) Ask her in.

COM. C. I wonder, Madam, that you entertain the visits of this Mrs. Dunloby, a damned lobbyist! Come, Limpsicus, it's a fine evening for a drive.

MAD. P. I am sorry, Commodore, that you have so poor an opinion of Mrs. Dunloby; but I stand by her, you know.

COM. C. Do as you like. I wish you good evening.

LIMP. Good evening, ladies. [*Exeunt Commodore C. and Limpsicus. Enter on the other side, Mrs. Dunloby, elegantly dressed.*]

MRS. D. Why, my darling Pumpey, how do you do? and you, too, Ophelia? It seems most an age since I saw you yesterday.

MAD. P. and OPH. Glad to see you. [*They embrace.*]

MRS. D. It is dreadfully warm; and then, you know, I am so horrid fat.

MAD. P. Oh, no, not fat, — a most delicious *embonpoint*.

MRS. D. Well, I confess it is better to be a little too fat, than a good deal too lean. Fat women get along in the world as well as the lean. They carry more weight; don't you think so, Pumpey?

MAD. P. Not always, I hope.

OPH. What is the news to-day?

MRS. D. O Lord, all I know is that somebody is head-

over-ears in love with somebody; and you can guess who the somebodies are.

OPH. I am sure I can't imagine what you mean.

MAD. P. Have you seen Mr. Gadsby to-day?

MRS. D. I just came from there. I have done nothing but drive around all day, and I am tired to death. The twentieth call I made, was on Mr. Gadsby, and, as I said before, somebody is dreadfully in love with somebody. Of course, it would be impossible for you to guess what I mean.

OPH. For pity's sake, what do you mean?

MRS. D. Mean? You ought to know what I mean. Do you think any man of the susceptible nature of Mr. Gadsby, could converse with a creature like you for half an hour, and not be completely beside himself? ready, in fact, in a certain event, to commit some rash act, — suicide, perhaps?

OPH. Really, Mrs. Dunloby, I do not think he was very much pleased with me. I am afraid you are joking.

MAD. P. Indeed, I do not think it would be in human nature to be altogether insensible to the many good qualities which Ophelia possesses, if I am her mother. Nor do I think that I overestimate her.

MRS. D. And I must say, that, if there is no objection on your part, I conceive there is nothing in the world more certain than that a proposition will be made, a very decided proposition.

OPH. I am afraid you jump at conclusions, Mrs. Dunloby. I am too young to dream of such a thing as marriage. The idea of marriage makes me tremble all over.

MAD. P. We shall hope to see Mr. Gadsby here very often, and as to any other matter, we can leave that to the future. But who, do you think, will get the Spanish Mission? Have you sounded Mr. Gadsby?

MRS. D. That's neither here nor there. Gadsby is too politic to commit himself just yet. All I know is that he has it between his thumb and finger. Now, this is between us. Gadsby *did insinuate* that Commodore Copperbottom stood high in his esteem. He was only afraid those Spanish Dons might think the Commodore's pedigree not quite up to the mark, you see — although, no doubt, very good; but, you

know, in Spain they are crazy on that subject: indeed, they seem to be cracked on almost every subject.

MAD. P. Ha, ha, ha! That is very good. Ophelia, what do you think the Commodore would say to that? I never heard anything more delightful; we must tell him that.

MRS. D. Oh no, I beg of you, don't mention it to him. Promise me you'll say nothing about that. It might hurt his feelings, you know; that is, if commodores have any feelings.

MAD. P. Of course not; but it's almost too good to keep. It would make the Commodore jump like hot corn.

MRS. D. Well, darlings, I must be going. [*Rises.*] I will see you again very soon, — Providence permitting, as my Methodist uncle says.

MAD. P. Don't go yet! Why, you haven't been here five minutes. Don't go yet!

MRS. D. My horses are impatient to get to stable. Good-by, darlings. [*They embrace.*]

MAD. P. and OPH. Good-by. Good-by. [*Exit Mrs. Dunloby. On the other side enters the Commodore.*]

COM. C. Thank God, as I came in, I heard you say good-by to that woman. It was the best good-by that I ever heard.

MAD. P. Why do you say "*that woman*?" Have I not a right to entertain whom I will? Am I not in my own house, Commodore?

COM. C. Certainly, madam.

MAD. P. Commodore, "*that woman*" never did you any harm; and in fact she may do you considerable good. If you'll behave yourself, I'll tell you something. But I'm afraid you'll go into ecstasies over it, and have the apoplexy, or something of that sort.

COM. C. Very well, I'm ready.

MAD. P. But you mustn't let on to a living soul! This Mr. Gadsby, whom you think so little of, has been kind enough to insinuate to Mrs. Dunloby, that he had thought of you as a suitable person for the Spanish Mission.

COM. C. The devil he has! Well, I have no objection to

that! I may have been a trifle hasty in my conclusions respecting Mr. Gadsby. After all, he's a devilish good fellow, ain't he? Capital fellow! By the way, didn't you talk of inviting him here to-morrow?

MAD. P. Not quite as soon as that, Commodore. Indeed, I don't know that I mentioned inviting him here at all.

COM. C. Ah, then, I was mistaken.

MAD. P. But I will, if you say so.

COM. C. Of course; that is the way to get better acquainted. I should be delighted to see him.

MAD. P. But, Commodore, I ought to say that Mr. Gadsby stated there might be a slight obstacle in the way of sending you to Spain.

COM. C. And what was that, pray?

MAD. P. (*laughing.*) He was only afraid those Spanish Dons might not think your pedigree quite up to the mark.

COM. C. Great God! The Copperbottoms not good enough for them, the rascally olive-eaters? Did Gadsby say that? Madam, I'll have nothing to do with Gadsby, nor with Spain either. Pedigree! Spanish Dons!

MAD. P. You see, Commodore, everybody is not of your opinion, as regards the Copperbottoms.

COM. C. But confound it, madam, haven't I got the genealogy? — and I thank God there's not a Spanish name in the catalogue. But who's Gadsby, that he dares to talk in this manner about the Copperbottoms! Where's his pedigree! He hasn't the pedigree of a jackass.

MAD. P. But Mr. Gadsby is not to blame. He only reflects the opinions of others in this matter. And you must know very well that there are plenty of families in Europe, that wouldn't wipe their shoes on the Copperbottoms. Why, there are families there so old, they regard the Czar of Russia as a parvenu; — old Roman families, Commodore, with noses a foot long; and absolutely mouldy with age.

COM. C. Well, all right. I suppose Gadsby has been listening to these jealous curs here in Washington, who always did stand in my way. But let me once get into Spain, and if anybody squeaks, I'll fight him, Don or no

DON. A set of blasted lemon-chewers ! that 's what they are ! I wish you good-evening, madam. [*Exit.*]

OPH. Ha ! ha ! ha ! That was splendid !

MAD. P. The best treat I have had for a year. Plenty of fire in that flint, Ophelia. Come, let 's go down and have a little tea. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Jones's Rooms, at Mrs. Scarlett's. Present, Jones, in handsome dressing-gown.

JON. I wonder why the Commodore doesn't come. [*Enter the Commodore, with large roll under his arm.*] Why, how do you do, Commodore ? I was just wondering why you didn't come. In fact, I was really starving for your company.

COM. C. Very well, I thank you. How is Mr. Gadsby ?

JON. Never better. Ah, you have the package Madam Pumpington was to send me.

COM. C. No, Mr. Gadsby, I forgot that, I am sorry to say ; but I promised my nephew that I would bring round to him this evening, our family-tree. This is my family-tree, Mr. Gadsby.

JON. Indeed ! Very extraordinary family, sir ! It's very few families have a tree that big, my dear sir.

COM. C. Oh no, — at least, — well, I suppose one might take some little pride in a matter of that sort. Yes, — I may say, as families go, it is, — well, perhaps it is extraordinary. We can't wipe out the facts, you know, even if we would.

JON. Please let me see it. I take a great interest in these matters. My own family is not undistinguished. Do you never feel a sort of weariness, Commodore, under the weight of these old family considerations ?

COM. C. (*unrolling the package.*) You see, Mr. Gadsby, there were three brothers by my name, who first came over to this country.

JON. Well, that is very singular ! Do you know, it was the same in my case ? There was Robert Gadsby, Richard Gadsby, and Hugh Gadsby. I descend from Hugh Gadsby.

COM. C. I am glad to hear it, Mr. Gadsby. The three brothers in my family, were of the very identical names, Richard, Robert, and Hugh Copperbottom. That is really very singular!

JON. But tell me, who were the most distinguished of these? those in the gilt letters?

COM. C. No, on the whole, the red letters give the most distinguished names; unless, indeed, that may be true of the names in violet. Now, there was old Manrico Copperbottom, — old Manrico, — grand old fellow!

JON. *Manrico?* Why, that name has quite a Spanish flavor.

COM. C. Yes?

JON. But what were you going to say of him?

COM. C. He was a very remarkable man, — I may say, a *very* remarkable man.

JON. I do not remember ever to have heard the name.

COM. C. Is it possible? I have his life at the house in two quarto volumes; I will bring it down some day.

JON. Oh, don't trouble yourself about that. Was he in the battle of Waterloo, or something of that sort?

COM. C. Not exactly. But there is the celebrated Genette Copperbottom. You have heard of him I presume?

JON. (*putting his hand to his forehead.*) It strikes me I have. Was he not a preacher? or something of that kind? a sort of lay-preacher?

COM. C. No. You are probably thinking of the Rev. Phineas Copperbottom, D. D., who preached down in Prince George's County so many years, and died with four hundred niggers.

JON. Why, how was that? Did he preach to a colored congregation? Did the meeting-house fall?

COM. C. Oh no! I mean he died *worth* four hundred niggers.

JON. Oh! That's the very man. Prince George's County is somewhere in Virginia, is it not? near the Natural Bridge?

COM. C. No, in Maryland. But Genette Copperbottom was quite a different person. It would take me all night to give his history; and even then I couldn't do him justice.

JON. Oh, well, then, I beg you will not put yourself out to that extent; you can tell me about him sometime when I am at your house, you know [*yawning*]. I see very clearly, by the many red-lettered names you have here, that your family is a remarkable one, sir, — very distinguished, sir, — very distinguished: absolutely overwhelming.

COM. C. Sometime, Mr. Gadsby, I will go into detail; sometime, when you would like to while away an hour or two. [*Rolls up the Mss.*]

JON. There are two or three persons of your name in Nevada, but I conclude they did not descend from Hugh Copperbottom, as they are rather indifferent persons.

COM. C. Is it possible? Interlopers, I suppose.

JON. Commodore, I presume you will think it strange, but I have at home very strong evidence that not only "*Junius*," but "*The Man in the Iron Mask*" were maternal ancestors of mine. My maternal ancestry numbers many brilliant names; and you know a man gets his best qualities, oftentimes, from his mother. I presume you have heard of the Duke of Marlborough, John Churchill? and of the celebrated Carnot, whom Napoleon, after the failure of Waterloo, said sadly, he had known too late? and of the naturalist, Buffon? They all come in, Commodore, they all come in.

COM. C. Really, Mr. Gadsby, you astonish me.

JON. Why, Commodore, do you think, then, I have no appearance of superior blood?

COM. C. Every appearance of it, sir.

JON. Sir William Jones, too, the great Orientalist, I forgot about him. Indeed, Commodore, if it were not for straining a point, I might speak of others, but I like to keep within bounds. They call me "*Honest Gadsby*," you know.

COM. C. You were good enough to remark that the name of Manrico Copperbottom had a decidedly Spanish flavor, — a remark which has suggested to me to inquire if any person has yet been settled upon in your mind, as an eligible candidate for the Spanish Mission, now vacant.

JON. True; that is very natural. I am inclined to think, Commodore, that probably the best man for that

place, would be found among the naval officers of our country. What do you think?

COM. C. Well, upon my word, Mr. Gadsby, that is a very delicate question for one in my position to answer.

JON. This, however, is entirely between us. I cannot, — will not at present commit myself. It might greatly embarrass me. It may not be altogether unsuspected by you, Commodore, that I am engaged to be married in a few weeks; but this is also a profound secret. *When I am fairly married*, Commodore, it will be natural to look out for my relatives.

COM. C. Ah, yes! very well, Mr. Gadsby [*taking his hat*]. I have some matters of the Naval Service on my hands, and shall now be obliged to leave your most estimable company.

JON. (*rising*.) Good-day, then, Commodore.

COM. C. Au revoir. [*Exit.*]

JON. (*laughing*.) Buffon! Ha! ha! — John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough! Ho, ho! Carnot! Sir William Jones! Hi! hi! Great Heaven! I almost begin to think I *am* related to these gentlemen. But I didn't tell him these were my ancestors. I said they "*came in*," — but into what? — why into the *house*, when it rained, to be sure! [*A rap is heard at the door.*] Come in! [*Enter Mrs. Dunloby. Jones rises and meets her with enthusiasm.*] Dunloby, you are divine!

MRS. D. Am I?

JON. The most extraordinary woman I ever met; unless indeed you are an angel in woman's clothes.

MRS. D. Good gracious, Mr. Jones!

JON. In a word, I love you, — I adore you, — I —

MRS. D. Well, upon my soul, I am not accustomed to this sort of thing.

JON. I should hope not. Really, I should hope not.

MRS. D. Mr. Gadsby, I have come on business. If you wish to hear it, very well, — if not, I will retire.

JON. Mrs. Dunloby, I am afraid you have mistaken the import of my language. I have not made a proposition of marriage to you.

MRS. D. No ! of course not.

JON. Not but that under certain circumstances I might —

MRS. D. I don't want a husband. I have had enough, already, Mr. Jones. You see a woman with sense enough [*pointing to her forehead*] to take care of herself. Common women may have husbands ; as for me, I must be as free as a bird on wing. Don't talk to me of marriage ; — I hate the word.

JON. But consider, Mrs. Dunloby, how important in many respects it is to have a husband.

MRS. D. No doubt it is for some, but not for me ; be sure of that ! I am the Empress of Bohemia, sir, — crowned so by — myself, with all due ceremonies.

JON. You are certainly a very uncommon woman. But, love-matters aside, may I inquire if you have yet negotiated any stock of the "*Economy Mine* ?"

MRS. D. I called to inform you that I have sold three-fourths of it already ; and there are the receipts, less ten per cent. [*Hands him a roll of bills.*]

JON. And are you to receive only ten per cent. ? I shall have to make you a present.

MRS. D. That is my regular charge in such cases.

JON. How much is here ? [*Turning over the bills.*]

MRS. D. Seventeen thousand, five hundred dollars.

JON. Ah ! Can you tell me, Mrs. Dunloby, the safest method of transmitting this money to a distant point ?

MRS. D. By express, of course.

JON. And not by a post-office money-order ?

MRS. D. I should say not.

JON. Very well ; all I want, is to get it safely into the hands of my correspondents. Now, madam, won't you have a glass of wine ?

MRS. D. No, I thank you, I never drink wine. It muddles my brains, Mr. Gadsby.

JON. Mrs. Dunloby, — about how many candidates do you think are now impressed with the idea that the Spanish Mission will come to them ?

MRS. D. I suppose, at least eight or nine

JON. I don't see how I am going to give it to all of them.

I wish you would say to them, in a way you know how, — I mean to all but the Commodore, — that you think it not unlikely some Nevada man will get it after all. How can a man go back on his constituents, I should like to know, without strong reasons!

MRS. D. I see, Mr. Gadsby, one can't do everything, even if one would. But good-by! I must go.

JON. Good-by! [*Shakes hands with her.*] But I will escort you to your carriage.

[*Curtain falls as they exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.

Mr. Jones's Apartments at Mrs. Scarlett's — Jones and Fishback.

JON. (*at a table on which are glasses and decanters.*) Fishback, I foresee that I shall have to resign my post in Congress. I find that Washington is no place for an honest man.

FISH. Why, Mr. Gadsby, you do not seem to reflect that *I* live here.

JON. But you, Fishback, are not subject to the temptations that I am.

FISH. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Gadsby, you do not really intend to resign, at the very outset of your political career!

JON. No, Fishback, I will not, if you can keep me honest, as I always have been; but you need not feel surprised to find me gone at any time. I will arrange, beforehand, with some good banker here, and if I should then conclude to go on a sudden, my bills will all be paid. An honest livelihood in Nevada, is better than a thousand bushels of ill-got greenbacks in the District of Columbia. Take a drink, Fishback. [*They drink.*] By the way, Fishback, I am very much annoyed that I left in New York the list of my con-

stituents. I wanted to send out some seeds, more particularly the cereals, you know. But then, that will do by and by. Furthermore, I am really not quite ready to let them know I am here. Fishback, this Congressional business is a dreary bore. I wish I had never consented to let them use my name.

FISH. You seem to be quite blue this evening. Has anything happened to disturb your serenity?

JON. On the contrary, Fishback [*pulling out the roll of greenbacks,*] I have negotiated sales of the mining-stock very successfully. What do you say to that? [*Holds up the money.*]

FISH. You haven't sold it *all*, have you?

JON. No, I kept back some for Mrs. Scarlett, and for you, if you want any. But as the proceeds go to my constituents, at once, it will be necessary for any purchaser to pay down, and perhaps Mrs. Scarlett has not the ready money?

FISH. I will engage that the rest of the shares are paid for to-morrow.

JON. Very well. Take another drink, Fishback.

FISH. (*having filled his glass*). Here's to the Economy Mine!

JON. With all my heart. [*Fills a glass. They drink. Carolina brings in a card.*] Show him in. Mrs. Scarlett's friend and relative, Mr. Funk. [*To Fishback.*]

FISH. Funk? Well, I will excuse myself for a while. [*Exit Fishback. Enter, opposite, Mr. Funk.*]

JON. Glad to see you, Mr. Funk. What can I do for you this evening?

FUNK. Glad to see you too. I only stepped in for a short call.

JON. Have something? [*Motions to the table.*]

FUNK. Certainly, I never refuse. [*Drinks.*]

JON. It is very indelicate to refuse, Mr. Funk. I tell you what, Funk, that Spanish Mission bothers me a good deal. Do you feel certain that you could run it? Do you understand the Spanish character well enough? It is a very hard people to get along with, you know. It takes a man of iron to hold that place well.

FUNK. Oh, as for that, I understand them thoroughly. I have lived in Brazil, you know.

JON. But the Brazilians are of Portuguese origin. There's a vast difference between Spanish and Portuguese. In the first place the language is different, and in the second, there's as much difference in character between the Spanish and Portuguese, as between new rum and old whiskey, locusts and cicadas, the mole and the mole-cricket, a blind eye and an eye with a blinder, lemons and bananas, sherry and port, still wine and sparkling, fate and fortune, Jews and Unitarians, Soonees and Sheeites, fish and alligators. Do you think, Mr. Funk, that you realize this? I mean this difference between the Spanish and Portuguese?

FUNK. Yes, Mr. Gadsby, I am aware there is a very great difference, very great.

JON. No, I don't say *great*, but there is a *slight* difference; and of that delicate, volatile kind, as requires a man of extraordinary insight to take advantage of. Now [*impres- sively,*] I fear that a long stay with the Portuguese, would have a tendency, — mark me, — a *tendency*, I say, to unfit the sojourner for a successful diplomat in a Spanish country.

FUNK. But I did not make a long stay in Brazil, Mr. Gadsby; — in fact, I was there not above a month at the longest.

JON. Oh! [*laughing*] oh! and you think a residence of a month in Brazil, fits you for a minister plenipotentiary to Spain? in other words, that an apprenticeship to a tailor would make a man a good shoemaker? or the study of divinity at Cambridge, would make a man pray like John Calvin?

FUNK. No, I should hope I did not convey that idea. I had no intention to convey that idea.

JON. Well, never mind, Mr. Funk; you have qualities that I am not insensible of, and — [*Carolina brings in a card*] what's this? [*reading card*] — Saunders?

FUNK. (*looking alarmed*). Algernon Saunders? You don't mean to say it is Algernon Saunders?

JON. The same. Show him up, Carolina. [*Exit Carolina.*]

FUNK. But really, Mr. Gadsby, — Saunders knows I am after this place, and I'd rather he wouldn't see me here.

JON. Very well, — there is no need of his seeing you. [*Goes to closet door and opens it.*] Step in here! [*Funk enters the closet and Jones turns the key on him. Enter Saunders.*]

JON. Glad to see you, friend Saunders.

SAUN. How is my noble friend Gadsby?

JON. Take something, Mr. Saunders [*motioning to table*].

SAUN. Excuse me, I feel sick to-night. That mission question — [*loud*].

JON. Hush! — [*points to the door where Funk is*] not so loud!

SAUN. (*looking now at the door and now at Jones.*) What in the devil is the matter?

JON. Sick child in the next room: am afraid it won't live long.

SAUN. Ah! poor thing! — what is the trouble with it?

JON. Measles. Doctors have given her up. But what were you saying?

SAUN. I say that mission question has made me sick.

JON. Too sick to drink? You must be unconscionably sick, then, I should say.

SAUN. What is that? [*Pointing to one of the decanters.*]

JON. Bourbon whiskey: quite a fiery article, however: — fusil-oil enough to float a gunboat.

SAUN. I believe I will take a little; just a drop. [*Pours a glass nearly full, and drinks it clear.*]

JON. (*laughing*). Well, — what about the mission question?

SAUN. (*wiping his lips*). Mr. Gadsby, that's exactly what I would like to know.

JON. Saunders, I have been thinking over your case, and wondering what the devil you want that situation for, any way. You are rich; the salary is absolutely no consideration whatever, and why you want to exile yourself among a parcel of bull-fighters, inquisitors, and all that sort of thing, I must confess, strikes me with astonishment.

SAUN. But Mr. Gadsby, *I do*, — that's all I can say.

JON. You'd better give your money, then, to our Orphan Asylum out in Nevada, before you go; for if the Inquisition find out what a heretic you are, they'll burn you alive, and mix your unfortunate ashes with the Guadalquivir.

SAUN. Is the Inquisition running yet? I thought they had stopped that.

JON. Who knows? *Quien sabe*, Mr. Saunders? They always kept very quiet, you remember;—silence is ominous, Mr. Saunders.

SAUN. Never mind! I certainly have no objection to leaving behind something handsome for your Orphan Asylum. Are you one of the trustees?

JON. I am the sole trustee. I take charge of all the funds. That was where I got the name of "Honest Gadsby."

SAUN. Very well; I shall attend to that matter.

JON. But here is the more important question, Saunders. Do you feel adequate to the responsibilities of the place? Is there no lingering doubt in your mind, whether your antecedents have rendered you exactly fit for the duties of so high and onerous a position? You have been a man of leisure, Mr. Saunders, of elegant leisure, I may say.

SAUN. It is true.

JON. And have you ever devoted any considerable portion of that elegant leisure to the acquisition of the Spanish language and literature?

SAUN. I have read "Don Quixote" and the plays of Lope de Vega.

JON. In the original?

SAUN. No, I read them in the French. The French is the language of the court, you know.

JON. Ah, but the true flavor of the Spanish character is not to be learned through the volatile Frenchman. Besides, I am rather surprised that any one of your general good sense, could imagine for a moment that the perusal of a few plays and romances would constitute a statesman.

SAUN. Confound it, Gadsby, I didn't say they would. You asked me if I had read any Spanish literature, and I answered you accordingly. Statesmanship, I should say,

is a thing apart from the mere knowledge of any language. That's what I should say about it.

JON. To be sure, Mr. Saunders, I beg your pardon. But still, do you not admit that it would be much better if a minister to China, for example, should understand Chinese?

SAUN. No, I don't admit it; I think if he had learned Chinese, it would be an evidence that he was a devilish fool. That's my opinion.

JON. (*laughing.*) You talk well, Saunders, and [*lowering his voice, and looking toward the closet where Mr. Funk is*] I must acknowledge that I am very favorably impressed. [*Enter Carolina with a card.*] What? — Roberts?

SAUN. The deuce! Is Roberts below?

JON. Show him in. [*Exit Carolina.*] Why? Don't you like Roberts?

SAUN. Yes, I like him well enough; but if he should see me here, he would know exactly the condition of things. I'd a little rather not see Roberts. I mean, I don't want him to see me.

JON. He shan't see you. [*Goes to another closet and motions to Saunders.*] Go in there! [*Saunders goes in, and Jones turns the key on him.*] [*Enter Roberts.*]

JON. How are you, Roberts?

ROB. How d'ye do? [*loudly.*]

JON. Hush! [*Points to a door.*] I am afraid these walls have ears, and I know you came to talk about the Mission.

ROB. I should like to catch any one listening; I'd shake his daylight out of him. I'd rattle his head on the concrete.

JON. It is best to speak in a moderate tone. I have been thinking over what you said about your residence in the Argentine Republic. You said you were there, *inside of three months*. I mentioned this to a friend, and he observed that a space of *two months*, or *one month*, or a week even, or a day, was a space of time "INSIDE OF THREE MONTHS."

ROB. Does the fellow pretend to say I never saw the Gauchos? Show me the man who says I never saw the Gauchos!

JON. No, not exactly that, but he seemed very critical about the time you were there, and referred me to Captain Hollinshed, with whom you sailed. I remarked this to Hollinshed, and he smiled. Now, I don't care how long you were there, but if there only for a day or so, I think your observation as to the time you stayed there, showed diplomacy, at least. [*Laughs.*]

ROB. Well, to be accurate, I believe we stopped there *exactly two days*.

JON. (*laughing, and then suddenly assuming a severe tone.*) Would you be good enough to inform me upon what qualifications you depend to grapple with the onerous duties of this post?

ROB. To tell the truth, Mr. Gadsby, I have never conceived that it required a person of extraordinary endowments to meet the emergencies of that position.

JON. But there is a good deal of money in it, you are aware, and is not that a test of the ability required for maintaining the dignity of the place?

ROB. I fear you are joking, Mr. Gadsby.

JON. No, Mr. Roberts, I am not joking. I tell you, Roberts, it is a grave responsibility that I have thrust upon me, to select the proper man. If you felt it as I do, you would not wonder at my caution in the premises. In the first place, it needs a man of family.

ROB. I suppose you are aware that I am? I have no less than thirteen children.

JON. Heavens, Roberts, — that spoils all! I meant by a man of family, a person of distinguished connections; but however distinguished your connections might be, Mr. Roberts, I don't care if the Kings of Tophet or the Emperors of Siam, — if you have thirteen children, that ends the matter.

ROB. Why, how so?

JON. How so? Why, is it not obvious that a man with thirteen children, cannot do his duty by them and by his country at the same time?

ROB. But you do not reflect that I can leave them all at home?

JON. So you might, Mr. Roberts, but you know very well, that such a course would subject you to the most invidious remarks; and the circumstance would be taken advantage of to unseat you. Besides, it would be a beastly thing to leave thirteen children behind one in that way.

ROB. But could not you sustain me in such an emergency?

JON. My dear Roberts, what would be the result? Everybody would say "Here is 'Honest Gadsby,' puffing the fortunes of a man who has deserted a family of thirteen children." How could I endure a reproach of that character? Thank God my reputation has been stainless hitherto, and I mean to keep it so.

ROB. Well, suppose then, that I should leave half of them at home and take the other half with me?

JON. Good heavens, Mr. Roberts, do you not perceive that such a course would be mathematically impossible, to take six and a half with you, and leave the other six and a half in America?

ROB. You know what I mean, Mr. Gadsby.

JON. Do you then mean you would take six with you and leave six at home? What would you do with the odd one? — kill him or her, or leave him or her on some desolate island, half-way between, to die like a dog, or to live like Robinson Crusoe?

ROB. Very good joke, Mr. Gadsby.

JON. (*as if suddenly struck by a brilliant thought.*) If you only had fourteen children, now!

ROB. It is not impossible [*putting his thumbs through the armholes of his waistcoat*], it is not impossible I say, — but I may have by the time I am ready to sail. I have known more remarkable things happen in my time.

JON. And would you, do you pretend to say, go off there to the Pillars of Hercules, leaving a mere infant behind you? or should you, on the other hand, venture to subject the tender thing to all the numerous and unavoidable contingencies and vicissitudes of a sea voyage, and the fearful responsibility of the remainder-biscuit?

ROB. I think, nevertheless, I should take him with me.

JON. *Him!* HIM! You speak with a great degree of confidence as to the sex of this problematical fourteenth child of yours!

ROB. Him or her, of course, as the case might be.

JON. Very well; don't forestall nature! But all this is purely hypothetical, Mr. Roberts. As the case stands, you have but thirteen children, and that is all it will do to take into consideration. The idea of setting up a coach-and-six on a mere nonentity!

ROB. This is the first time I ever heard, Mr. Gadsby, that the number of a man's children could stand in the way of his advancement.

JON. (*impressively.*) But you see they do!

ROB. Am I to understand, then, Mr. Gadsby, that if I had no children, I could receive the nomination?

JON. That is neither here nor there, since you have the children, — thirteen naked and undisguisable facts! You wouldn't undertake to murder them, I hope! But I may say, that if you had none at all, a great obstacle would be removed. The children are an obstacle, Mr. Roberts. You never ought to have had any children.

ROB. (*laughing.*) Well, then, to tell the truth, I never did have any.

JON. (*laughing.*) Upon my word, Roberts, you are the most unconscionable liar I ever listened to. I do not know what to believe.

ROB. I freely acknowledge, Mr. Gadsby, that I am, — a liar of the first water; and I conclude I will make all the better a diplomatist for that reason.

JON. Well now [*impressively*], do you know that I never told a lie in my life?

ROB. I know they call you "Honest Gadsby."

JON. It is just possible that I need a man like you to supplement myself; for a man of truth is very much assisted, oftentimes, by some friend who is not over-scrupulous in that regard. By the way, if I should ask you to head a subscription-paper for the benefit of an orphan asylum, of which I am the curator, what would you say? I want to know what you would say.

ROB. Certainly, I will head it, in the event I get this position.

JON. I had much rather hear you say, Mr. Roberts, that you would *not* head the paper, for then I should feel tolerably certain that you would.

ROB. Ha! ha! Well, that is very good. [*A noise is heard at one of the closets.*] What is that noise?

JON. The doctor has come, I suppose.

ROB. The doctor? Is any one sick?

JON. Did you ever have the measles?

ROB. (*starting up.*) Measles? The devil! You don't say any one has the measles in this house? the very disease I dread of all others!

JON. Don't go, Mr. Roberts; it is not a bad case; they have hopes of the child.

ROB. *Hopes?* have *hopes*? It must be a very bad case, then.

JON. Not so bad as if they had no hopes [*laughing*].

ROB. (*in visible consternation.*) I'll see you to-morrow, somewhere. Good-by. I suppose you have had the measles?

JON. Yes, a dozen times. Good-by, Mr. Roberts; I will see you to-morrow. [*Exit Roberts.*]

[*Jones goes to the closet and lets out Mr. Funk, who appears very much disgusted at having had to remain there so long. He motions to Mr. Funk to keep quiet and walk noiselessly; and now enters Fishback, much intoxicated.*]

FISH. Mr. Gadsby [*hic*] I am your obedient servant.

JON. Be seated, Mr. Fishback. [*Fishback stands in a decidedly leaning position, but manages not to fall.*] By Gad, Fishback, you look like the Leaning Tower of Pisa. [*Laughter.*]

FISH. Why, how are you, Funk? How is your grandmother? [*Hic.*]

[*Staggers around the room. Hearing a noise in the closet, he takes hold of the key, turns it, and opening the door, discovers Mr. Saunders, who looks mortified.*]

FUNK. The devil! [*aside.*] Why, how is this, Mr. Saunders? [*tantalizingly.*]

SAUN. Mr. Gadsby can explain it. [*Jones remains silent.*] I went in there to get rid of Roberts. [*Mr. Fishback now sits down on the floor, laughing uproariously.*]

FUNK. Well, that's a good joke. Been shut up there in a dark closet, to get rid of Roberts? Ha! ha! Roberts will enjoy this.

SAUN. Don't tell Roberts, please.

FUNK. No? Wouldn't like to have Roberts know it? Ha! ha! [*Fishback now laughs more loudly; Mr. Saunders also attempts to laugh.*]

FUNK. Come, Saunders, it is your treat.

SAUN. All right. Come down to Welcker's. Champagne all round.

FISH. Welcker's? [*Staggers forward. They all take their hats, and laughing at Saunders, the curtain falls as they exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Mr. Jones's Rooms at Mrs. Scarlett's. Jones, Funk, Roberts, and Saunders discovered, all somewhat intoxicated.

JON. Well, gentlemen, I have been thinking over this matter, and I conclude that the fairest way to settle your respective claims, will be to apply the new rules of the Civil Service. These rules, you know, have been brought to such an extraordinary degree of perfection that, as I am credibly informed through a spirit-medium, they have actually undertaken to adopt them in the other world.

SAUN. (*laughing.*) Very well; I am willing.

FUNK. Of course, Mr. Gadsby, whatever commends itself to you, must be approved.

ROB. Certainly. — I always ached for one of these examinations: it is so seldom in this world that you find anything perfectly fair.

JON. I will, therefore, take upon myself to ask you a few

germane questions ; and you, Mr. Fishback, may write down the questions and the answers. [*Mr. Fishback arranges to make the record.*] Suppose then [*solemnly*] Mr. Saunders, to inaugurate the examination, I ask you, in the first instance, what sort of people it is that live in Spain ?

SAUN. (*running his hand through his hair, as if endeavoring to collect his ideas.*) — The Spanish, Mr. Gadsby, are a very quixotic people, as I have read history ; and their principal occupation is windmills, — that is, grinding corn, bark, and all that, for immediate or future consumption. As for their religion, everybody knows they are Jesuits ; and as for their morals, they are sufficiently shown in the opera of “ Don Juan.”

JON. (*laughing.*) A most lucid, not to say transparent statement. And what do you say, Mr. Funk, in answer to this highly interesting question ?

FUNK. Well, Mr. Gadsby, I should partially indorse the statement of Mr. Saunders, but he has clearly omitted to mention, that the people living on the coast of Spain are noted smugglers ; and moreover that another large portion of the people of that unhappy country, are engaged in starving bulls for the numerous bull-fights ; and that far the largest portion of the people obtain a precarious livelihood by cock-fighting.

JON. (*laughing loudly.*) It seems indeed very singular that Mr. Saunders should have omitted from his statement, three facts of such common notoriety. And what can you add, Mr. Roberts, to what has already been said ?

ROB. Perhaps I don't understand the question ?

JON. The question is, what sort of people is it that live in Spain ?

ROB. Why, my answer to that question would be, that the people living in Spain are Spaniards.

JON. (*laughing.*) On the whole, Mr. Roberts, I am inclined to agree with you, and I believe your answer is the best of the three. Mr. Fishback, please mark down Mr. Roberts, on that question, — say, six in a scale of seven, and put down Mr. Funk, and Mr. Saunders, as one and two respectively. I will now ask a second question. How about the latitude of Spain, Mr. Saunders ?

SAUN. Oh, I suppose you mean the climate? Spain is said to be the awfulest, hottest, dustiest country in the known world.

JON. (*laughing.*) And what say you, Mr. Funk?

FUNK. I understood you to inquire how many degrees of latitude east of Greenwich, the country lies: and within bounds, I should say not over seventy, at the outside.

ROB. Why, bless you, that's longitude, not latitude; and you have it altogether too high! It's not over five degrees, at the most, north of the equator.

JON. (*laughing.*) Well, I see you differ somewhat on that question. It is a painful necessity, Mr. Fishback, but I believe you will have to put a zero all round, as the value of the answer to this question. [*They laugh.*] Mr. Roberts — Can you tell me the geology of Andalusia?

ROB. (*hesitating and tumbling his hair.*) Upon my word, Mr. Gadsby, you see, I don't like to dispute the Mosaic account, and I should, therefore, rather not answer that question.

FUNK. Do you mean the drainage of the country?

JON. No, sir, I mean the geology. What is it [*bringing down his fist on the table*], in other words, that crops out.

SAUN. Oh, you mean the crops! Very little, I understand, but oranges and olives, and I may add, raisins.

JON. (*laughing.*) Grapes, you mean. Mr. Roberts just remarked that he didn't like to dispute the Mosaic account, but if the several answers you have given my question, are not Mosaic, I'm not Theophilus Gadsby. Mr. Fishback, put down three more zeros. And now, Mr. Funk, may I ask, what is the entomology of Granada?

FUNK. I do not know that I get the exact drift of your question.

JON. I ask you for the entomology of the old Moorish Kingdom of Granada; the hymenoptera, for example, such as ants, et cetera.

FUNK. Oh, yes, I see; but I can't remember for the life of me. They had a great many aunts in those days.

JON. (*laughing.*) Mr. Roberts, can you tell me of this?

ROB. No, I'll be thundered if I can.

SAUN. Would you be kind enough to state the question a little more plainly?

JON. What is the *fauna* of the old Kingdom of Granada?

SAUN. Oh, you mean the *fawners* about the court, the hangers-on, the parasites?

JON. (*laughing.*) Yes, I mean parasites; they belong to the hymenoptera, do they not? or is it to the aptera?

SAUN. (*seeming satisfied.*) A devilish miserable set, Mr. Gadsby; but they couldn't come their tricks on me.

JON. Upon my word, gentlemen, this is truly interesting, but not instructive. Mr. Fishback, three more zeros, if you please.

SAUN. (*looking astonished.*) But did not *I* answer correctly? What's fawners, I should like to know, but parasites?

JON. Allow me to be judge, Mr. Saunders. And now, Mr. Funk, I will inquire if you can give me the ethnology of the Basque provinces?

FUNK. If you will please translate that into English, I think I can tell you.

JON. (*laughing.*) I mean the science of the race, or the races there

FUNK. The races? Why, everybody knows that races are the same all the world over. They are about the same as at Saratoga.

JON. (*laughing.*) Good God! Mr. Funk, I perceive that you are a man of very liberal education. What do you say to this, Mr. Roberts?

ROB. I would rather hear what Mr. Saunders has to say.

JON. Well, shall we then hear from Mr. Saunders on this point?

SAUN. For my part, I should say you meant human races. Now, as regards race, I say now, and I always have said, that the Anglo-Saxon race is a little the heaviest race yet.

JON. (*laughing.*) Perhaps, if I may venture to suggest, you say so because you yourself are of that persuasion? But you, Mr. Roberts, what do you say?

ROB. I agree with Mr. Saunders.

JON. Mr. Fishback, write down these answers, "Not satisfactory." And now, gentlemen, suppose we add the figures, and come at once to the result. Mr. Fishback, please add the figures.

FISH. It is proper to observe at the outset, Mr. Gadsby, that the figures to which you refer are all ciphers, except as to the first question. Those figures are — for Mr. Roberts "6," for Mr. Funk "1," and for Mr. Saunders "2." [*Mr. Roberts appears quite happy.*]

JON. (*laughing.*) Very well; but according to the established rules of the Civil Service, I can add ten, I believe, to either candidate; and consequently, I need not necessarily decide in favor of Mr. Roberts. The rule is very elastic, you perceive. [*Importantly*] I will reserve my decision.

[*Roberts now looks dissatisfied.*]

FUNK. Allow me to remark, Mr. Gadsby, that for the life of me, I can't see what these questions have to do with capacity for the Spanish Mission.

SAUN. Nor I either! It is possible that the science of navigation might come in, since we should have to go there by sea; but how the deuce the land-sciences come in, I don't comprehend.

JON. (*laughing.*) Is it not obvious that the character of the Spanish people is only the grand result of the latitude, the geology, the entomology, the ethnology of the country? — and how, unless you have a full understanding of these sciences, can you reasonably expect to dine on fair terms with the representatives of France, Holland, England, or China? It can't be done. How do you know whether you are eating, on any given occasion, prairie-chickens or anchovies? Clearly, by zoölogy and ichthyology. How do you expect to get along in a country that is mad on a point of pedigree, knowing not the least about ethnology?

ROB. That's so. How do they expect to get along?

JON. It can't be done. But then, as I said before, under the Civil Service, it is entirely indifferent what you know on these points, since, according to the rules, I can *rule* the best of you out, don't you see?

FUNK. I suppose you also take moral character into consideration?

JON. Where there is any, certainly. [*All laugh.*]

ROB. Gentlemen, I passed the best examination and I propose to treat. Come on then. [*Takes his hat and moves toward the door; and Mr. Funk, Mr. Saunders, and Mr. Fishback appear anxious to go.*]

JON. (*rising.*) You must excuse me, gentlemen. I have a speech to prepare. Call again at your leisure. Glad to see you at any time. [*Exeunt all but Jones.*]

JON. That was delicious. I only wish the Commodore had been here. [*A rap is heard at the door.*] Come in. [*Enter Commodore Copperbottom.*] Why, how are you, Commodore?

COM. C. Not very well, thank you; with so much thinking on this Mission business, I find it difficult to sleep.

JON. Oh, don't worry about it; you will be just as likely to get the place, if you sleep from now till December. I don't like to see you so much exercised. It will all turn out just the same. How is Madam Pumpington and my darling Ophelia?

COM. C. Dying to see you.

JON. By the way, I have just examined Mr. Funk, Mr. Roberts, and Mr. Saunders, according to the rules of the Civil Service. They are all men of the most astonishing parts, I assure you. It is singular, but this informal and entirely unpremeditated examination had the unexpected effect of throwing a perfect flood of illumination on several subjects, which I had heretofore regarded as exceedingly abstruse.

COM. C. (*somewhat dejectedly.*) I understand, then, that all passed off very finely.

JON. Commodore, it was truly an intellectual feast, a symposium for the gods, an ovation to Minerva. And then, Commodore, all men of such splendid families! Why, Funk's grandfather used to eat mutton-pies, privately, with George III.; and Roberts, who is a man of truth, declares that no less than three male scions of the Robertses, were knighted on the field at Hastings; while I hear it confiden-

tially whispered that Saunders, who was born in England, is really a prince in disguise.

COM. C. (*with great contempt.*) Then, all I have to say is, and that with the highest respect to you, Mr. Gadsby, that if you believe one iota of what Roberts says, you put your confidence in the meanest liar that ever walked. And as for Funk, he's an ass! The idea that Funk's grandfather ever ate mutton-pies with George III.! Why, Mr. Gadsby, it is preposterous! Goose pies, more likely! And then, to believe this miserable Saunders a prince! Upon my honor, he's the prince of idiots and asses, and you'll find it out some day. [*Lowering his tone.*] Of course, I am not prejudiced against these men; I should scorn such an imputation; but I know 'em, Mr. Gadsby. This Funk is the crookedest man I ever saw — a regular corkscrew of a man; and this Roberts, he will stand up to your face and lie, and lie, and lie as solemnly as any gravestone of the last century; but Saunders, — Pah! he makes me sick at my stomach!

JON. Commodore, you shock me. I wish I could accept your statements to the letter, Commodore, I do indeed. But if you had heard the examination these men just now passed, you would have been most deeply impressed, Commodore; indeed, I am sure it would have seemed to you that the Elizabethan age had really come back again.

COM. C. To tell the truth, Mr. Gadsby, but for what you say, I would have bet five hundred dollars that neither of these men could have told you within twenty-five degrees of either the latitude or longitude of Madrid, or spelled correctly one in ten of the most common English words, or knows the difference between an apothegm and a diaphragm. A damned pretty batch to choose a Minister from! No, by thunder! this man Saunders wouldn't make a respectable scullion.

JON. My dear Commodore, I beg you will remember that I have not chosen a Minister from this "*batch*" as you call it. Are there not plenty of other people in the world? Please remember, Commodore, that in a matter of this kind, Theophilus Gadsby is not a man to be moved by mere

considerations of intellectual preëminence. We don't go by that any more. It is now, thank God, a question of money alone. We have outgrown that ridiculous age when intellect was a test of merit.

COM. C. (*much relieved.*) No, Mr. Gadsby, I should say there are not a *plenty*, capable of this position, but nevertheless, some few. [*A rap on the door is heard.*]

JON. Come in. [*Enter Carolina with evening paper.*] The "Evening Star," Commodore. Have the goodness to run it over. My eyes are not very serviceable, just now.

COM. C. Thank you. [*Looks at the paper.*] What! [*Suddenly starts up.*]

JON. What's the matter, now?

COM. C. The Devil! Hear this! — "Among the passengers on the *Arctic*, just arrived, is the Hon. Theophilus Gadsby, who has returned from St. Petersburg, in which place, it is rumored, he has been some weeks engaged in the negotiation of certain land-contracts. It has been erroneously supposed that Mr. Gadsby was in Washington."

JON. (*annoyed.*) What will they have in the papers next, I wonder?

COM. C. Well, I declare, such blunders are as bad as crimes. [*Glances again at the paper.*] I think these newspapers, printers, presses and all, were better burned up. [*Again starts to his feet.*] Great Heavens, — hear this! Another paragraph! — "It is rumored that there is a person now stopping somewhere in this city, who calls himself the Hon. Theophilus Gadsby, while the real Theophilus Gadsby has just arrived in this country by the *Arctic*. This needs explanation." [*Looks doubtfully at Jones.*]

JON. (*annoyed.*) Why in the devil's name don't they explain it then?

COM. C. Why don't *you* explain it?

JON. (*rising excitedly.*) Commodore, do you take me for a liar and a swindler?

COM. C. O Lord, no, — of course not: but somehow or other, I can't tell how, this has given me a cold sweat.

JON. Sweat, then! Pretty man, you, to stand up for your friends! I must go to New York, instantly, and chas-

tise this rascal. Before I go, — in spite of this unexpected course on your part, I promise you, on *her* account, mind you [*Takes the Commodore's hand,*] Commodore, I promise you, privately, this Mission. But on your part, you must promise to defend me here in Washington, while I go on there and get satisfaction — Do you swear it?

COM. C. Certainly! certainly! I should indeed be ungrateful, not to do this. I will defend you to the death!

JON. On my return, I shall at once claim the hand of your lovely niece.

COM. C. (*brightening.*) She is yours, Mr. Gadsby, till death.

JON. (*having meantime picked up his hat, cane, etc.*) And now, Commodore, I'm off. Wait a minute! Give me fifty dollars, Commodore. I haven't a particle of small change about me.

COM. C. (*taking out money and giving it to him.*) Take that, Mr. Gadsby: there must be twice that sum. [*Jones takes the money. Loud rapping heard at the door.*]

JON. Now, Commodore, good-by! [*Grasps his hand warmly.*] I must slip out by the back door, and leave you to entertain these people. [*Exit.*]

COM. C. Come in! (*Enter a wine-merchant and a grocer.*)

W. M. (*handing a bill to the Commodore.*) Mr. Gadsby, I am sorry to trouble you for my bill, just now, but I am very short for cash.

COM. C. Ah! [*fumbling in his pockets*] and I regret to say, that I have just handed to a friend, all the money I had left; but your bill shall be paid.

GRO. Mr. Gadsby, I understand this matter. You don't intend to pay these bills. [*Approaches him threateningly.*]

COM. C. My dear friend, I am afraid you are somewhat mistaken in supposing I am Mr. Gadsby?

GRO. That's just what I am not mistaken about. You are not Mr. Gadsby, but you are pretending to be, and under that name, you ordered my olives, pickles, and grapes by the gross, Mr. —, whatever your name is, — and you must pay me for them, or I will have the officers in here, before you can say Robinson.

COM. C. (*helplessly.*) Mr. Robinson, I beg your pardon ; I never ordered either pickles or grapes or olives from you ; and it is ridiculous for you to come here and say so. [*Grocer walks about the room, shaking his fists.*]

W. M. But you ordered wine from *me*, you remember ? two boxes of Mumm and one of Cliquot. You know Ponsardin, don't you ?

COM. C. No, Mr. Ponsardin, I am sorry to say, I have not your acquaintance.

W. M. I did not say my name was Ponsardin ; but you know Fishback ?

COM. C. Yes, I know Fishback.

W. M. Well, Fishback ordered the wine.

COM. C. Then, in God's name, let Fishback pay for it !

W. M. I am rather surprised at this course on your part, sir ; but I must seek some legal remedy, I suppose. Good-evening, sir. [*Exit.*]

COM. C. Good-evening.

GRO. (*approaching.*) Do you pretend to say, you never ordered pickles from me ?

COM. C. Never, so help me God !

GRO. Nor olives ?

COM. C. Never.

GRO. Nor grapes ?

COM. C. Not if I know it.

GRO. Well, who did order them, then ?

COM. C. What a ridiculous question !

GRO. I mean, sir, were they not ordered in your name, sir ?

COM. C. Well, sir, how should I know, sir ?

GRO. You say you know Fishback ?

COM. C. Certainly, I know Fishback.

GRO. And was not Fishback authorized by you to order these things ?

COM. C. Never !

GRO. Is not Fishback your secretary ?

COM. C. No sir.

GRO. Then Fishback is a cusséd liar and a scoundrel, for he told me he was, and said you told him to order these things.

COM. C. Then I advise you to take out your revenge on Fishback.

GRO. Very well, very well, sir, I will. [*Exit in a great rage. More rapping; and enter a tailor.*]

TAI. Have I the honor of addressing the friend and secretary of Mr. Gadsby?

COM. C. I am proud to say, sir, that I am the friend of Mr. Gadsby.

TAI. As Mr. Gadsby is absent, may I be permitted to present to you my little bill?

COM. C. Certainly. [*Aside.*] By Jove, this begins to look rather queer. [*Takes the bill and puts it in his pocket without looking at it.*]

TAI. But, sir, I was anxious to get the money on it.

COM. C. Ah!

TAI. Yes sir.

COM. C. Of course!

TAI. (*waiting for further remark, which not getting, he continues.*) Well, sir?

COM. C. Very well, I thank you, how do you do?

TAI. (*angrily.*) Confound it, sir, I feel worse.

COM. C. I am very sorry, sir. Have you seen the doctor?

TAI. Damn the doctor!

COM. C. With all my heart! I am glad you dislike the doctors.

TAI. I didn't say I disliked the doctors.

COM. C. Allow me to infer from your positive remark respecting damnation, that you are not in love with them, at any rate.

TAI. But when will Mr. Gadsby return? He can pay me, I suppose, if you can't?

COM. C. (*taking out the bill.*) But what is your bill? I haven't the slightest idea [*looking at it*]. Oh! a tailor's bill! you are Mr. Gadsby's tailor, then?

TAI. Yes, sir.

COM. C. I assure you, sir, it is a great honor to be Mr. Gadsby's tailor. How do you think you would like to make a suit for the Minister to Spain?

TAL. Ah! for Mr. Saunders?

COM. C. (*in high dudgeon.*) Saunders! no sir! for Commodore Copperbottom!

TAL. For that old ass!

COM. C. (*raising his cane and rushing on him.*) How dare you, sir, speak of him in that manner, you miserable ninth of a man!

TAL. (*retreating.*) I beg your pardon! It was wholly unintentional. I don't know him;—never saw him in my life; but that's only what I hear everybody say about him.

COM. C. (*in high rage.*) Out of the room, you infernal jackanapes! Don't darken this door again! [*Drives him out and returns.*] That I should live to encounter such disgrace! [*Enter Fishback.*]

FISH. Ah, Commodore, it's all up! [*Sinks in a chair.*] That man's name was Jones!

COM. C. What man? that sneak of a tailor?

FISH. No! no! Great Heaven! I wish it were! The Congressman! Gadsby! Oh, Jones! Jones!

COM. C. (*Sinks in a chair, staring vacantly.*) Jones! [*Then, wonderingly.*] Jones! [*Enter Mrs. Scarlett.*]

MRS. S. Ah, me! [*Sinks in a chair.*] We are undone! His name was Jones! [*Curtain falls.*]

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